

Boyfren by pumpkin_collector

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Angst, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Angst with a Happy Ending, Boys In Love, Break Up, Canon Gay Character, Cussing, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Manipulation, Falling In Love, Fluff and Angst, Forced Break Up, Heart Break, Hurt/Comfort, LGBTQ Character, M/M, Manipulation

Language: English

Characters: Connor Bowers, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Connor Bowers/Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-12

Updated: 2019-12-12

Packaged: 2019-12-12 04:13:46

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,113

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Connor and Richie go through a rough patch in their relationship

Boyfren

Richie flopped down on one of Connor's beanbag chairs, smile brightly and still laughing at bit. "It's not even that funny" He said to himself, calming his laughter down from the joke Connor told earlier. Connor laughed quietly but it seemed forced. Richie either didn't notice or didn't care because he didn't comment on it. He pulled his back pack off his back and onto the floor next to him, unzipping it and humming quietly as he got out his calculus homework. "I'm gonna get started on this coz Slate is a bitch and will kill me if don't finish this" Connor said nothing, just got out his homework as well.

He sat on his bed, which was quite unusual because he usually sat with Richie on the other beanbag but he didn't say anything. The room was silent, which never really happened when the two were around each other, except for the occasional questions about the problems they didn't understand. When Richie finished, because despite not being able to focus on shit he was smart, he sat quietly, fiding with the end of the sleeves on his shirt. "Um, hey" He said, turning slightly so he faced Connor more. "What's wrong?" Connor looked up from his sheet, a confused but guilty look that told Richie that he knew exactly what he was talking about.

"What do you mean? Nothing's wrong" He looked back down but Richie pushed himself up off the beanbag and sat beside him. "Hey. Con. You haven't been talking to me that much today and you're pretty distant. You know, an hour has passed and you've only said four things to me. All in about one to five worded sentences" Richie said, nudging Connor's face up. The blonde flinched slightly when he did so and Richie immediately pulled his hand back. "Con? What's up, dude?".

Connor opened his mouth to speak but closed it, turning his head to the side and looked down. "You really don't wanna make eye contact, huh" Richie felt a dread in his heart but pushed it back with jokes. Connor looked at him through curls, tears in his eyes. "Richie..." "Yeah, you're breaking up with me. I kinda got the memo" He said it a bit harsh, cringing at himself. "Look, I'm sorry" Connor faced him, pushing his hair back out of his face. "It's just...um" His cheeks grew

red and he bit the inside of his cheek, looking down again.

"There's someone else, yeah?" Richie just turned and stared at the wall, dumbfounded. "Rich..." "Who?" Connor's head bolted up, eyes widened. "Hon-Richie. It doesn't matter". Richie looked over, tears falling out of his eyes and a small smile on his face. "I just wanna know who was better than me" Connor flinched again and Richie shook his head. He got up quickly and grabbed his back pack. "I should just go" Richie said, rushing out the door. "Wait!" Richie stopped and turned around.

"You know that boy in the football team-" "God fuck, you told me not to worry about him!" Richie threw a hand in his hair, pulling slightly so he wouldn't punch something. "I didn't think I'd catch feelings for him, okay?!" Connor threw his hands up to emphasize his point. "You can be a real asshole sometimes" "Yeah then why are you in love with me?" Richie stopped moving, he just glared at Connor. "You say that like you weren't in love with me" Connor stayed silent, a look of regret on his face. Instead of fixing his mistake, he said "I know you're in love with Eddie" quietly. "Fuck you, Connor! You're almost as fucking bad as your psychopath cousin!" Richie stormed out of the house, running to god knows where.

Connor stood in the hall, tears pooling in his eyes. He leaned on the wall, sobbing harshly. Henry came out of his room, smiling wickedly. "See, that wasn't so hard? Now was it?". Connor glared at him, stomping into his room and slamming the door.

× + × + ×

Richie looked up at where he stopped. Eddie's house. He sniffled and walked up to the door, wrapping his jacket around him. Of course he had to wear the one with no hood when it's raining. He rang the doorbell, cursing himself quietly. The door opened, revealing Eddie in his pjs which was just a simple ivory shirt and sweatpants with little stars on them. Richie blushed softly then questioned why he did so. Eddie rubbed his eye before hugging himself. "Rich?" He asked. "Can I come in?" Eddie silently stepped out of the way and Richie walked in.

They walked up to his room silently, an awkward tension between them. Eddie sat on his bed and Richie set at the edge. "So what's up?" He yawned but kept his attention on Richie. "Um so you know

Connor, yeah?" Eddie rolled his eyes. "Yeah, don't like him much but he's your boyfriend" More tears pooled in his eyes and he smiled. He wiped them and sniffled, a smile on his face. "About that..." Eddie got the message and pulled Richie into a hug. "God, he's a fucking asshole" Eddie said, rubbing Richie's back.

"Yeah, he likes fuckin Dylan? He likes him now or whatever" Eddie scrunched his nose up which Richie found adorab-nothing. He didn't think anything of it, definitely. "Dylan like football Dylan?" Richie nodded. "Ew, oh my god. He doesn't fucking wash his hands ever, Rich. And I mean every time he gets out of the bathroom and I am there to witness it, he just leaves. Chee, it's so fucking gross!" Richie laughed, heart swelling slightly. But like that was totally normal.

"Hey, could I maybe sleep over?" Eddie nodded, a smile breaking out on his face. "Of course" Richie smiled back and got up, shedding his jacket, shoes, and pants before laying down on the little couch Eddie had in his room. "Hey, fucknut. The springs are stickin out of that. You're not sleeping there" Richie sighed dramatically, putting a hand to his forehead like he was in distress. "Oh, Eddie Spaghetti, how could you turn my presence away. I guess I'll just go sleep with your mother" Richie stood and walked to the door before Eddie yanked him back.

"Come on, just fuckin sleep on the bed. You do it every time you stay" Richie laughed and nodded. "Okay, Eds, I see how it is" He winked and laughed, Eddie laughing along but not before slapping him softly. "Just lay down, dumbass". Richie laid beside him, small smile on his face. "Thank you, Eddie". "Yeah, tis no problem fuckhead. Goodnight" Richie chuckled, ruffling his hair. "Goodnight, Spaghetti".

Author's Note:

I ship Connor and Richie but I feel like it would just be a thing for a couple years and not a really long time thing into adulthood.